Lost.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star from heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's sole delight,
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea—
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles,
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

What words she stammered, soft and low,
No other ear but mine could know;
More gentle than a cooing dove,
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly,
My little darling spoke to me.

I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin, the lip's pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting,
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain;
In all my dreams she comes again,
Her precious head is on my breast,
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless,
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!

—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

Edward Featherby was the richest person in Athol. And the fact of his being rich was the most annoying fact in his existence. The Featherby family had been wealthy during the three generations of its known history. Riches might take wings when in the possession of Smith, Jones, or Robinson, but they remained true to the Featherbys. But money could not keep them out of the limits of that great bankrupt court, Death, and hence Edward Featherby came into possession of a fortune of two millions on his twenty-first birthday—his father having died three years previously.

We are all familiar with the maxim that it is our duty to look after the pence, the dollars being able to care for themselves. The principle holds good among larger figures; a moderate income needs careful nursing; a million will care for itself and its owner.

In all Athol County there was not to be found a more unassuming young man than Edward Featherby. What he might have been had he been the son of a poor man, we can not conjecture; but filling a position where envy could not touch his heart, he was full of good feeling towards every body, and was as natural in tone and manner as one could be.

The society in Athol was exclusive, though not aristocratic. It was so divided into sets that the steps between the lowest and highest were numerous, though the actual difference between the two was very small. But the lines were drawn tightly, and the walls of partition between Jew and Gentile were not more real than the barriers each little clique piled against the clique below it.

It was six years since Featherby came into his property. He had graduated at Yale when twenty-four, had spent a year in Europe, and was now but just returned from a year's wandering in the far West of his native land.

If to most of us a fortune had been given when we were in the twenties, we could have made it give us pleasure and pleasant visions ahead; but it was not doing this for Featherby. His life was bitter and purposeless because of his wealth. He had reached that stage in his existence when he desired to be judged and loved for the manhood that was in him, and not for his dollars; but there had come over him a constantly increasing feeling that people were really bowing and smiling at his two millions, though they seemed to be acting as if friendly to him.

In the way of educating mankind—yes, and womankind, I fear—we do not appreciate at its full value the modern novel. As to what the young man and maiden are taught in the class-room we can afford to be comfortable—they will soon forget it. But the stories which they carry to their chambers, are lessons that are apt to leave indelible marks behind them. The novel is a bit of life being enacted before us, and oftentimes its effect is a thousand times more potent because the hero and heroine are but ink and paper, instead of flesh and blood. The modern novel deals with the heart-strings. Whatever the song, the refrain is always love. If the theme of the book be murder, forgery, gaming, or only idyllic life, the thread that holds it is sure to be love. Search the heart of your daughter, my dear madam; probe deep for the moral lessons you have been teaching her these eighteen years; you will but have your labor for your pains. She has built a world of her own and peopled it with men and women of novels; and her own life is not as you have made it, but is as Scott, Dickens and Trollope have given it to her.

Edward Featherby's life had been molded into its present unsatisfactoriness because of a steady course of novel-reading. And the result of his reading, as it most vividly impressed itself upon his mind, was this one fact: that to be loved for one's self, a man must either be poor or a rascal.

In all the novels the rich young man was sought after for his riches; the villain was loved because he was not like other men; the poor young man was loved because of himself. And the woman who loved the poor man to-day, was ready to turn to the wealthy one and marry him on the morrow. In all life, as Edward Featherby looked at life, the rich young man was the least to be envied.

That he should be thinking of love and marriage was entirely natural. He had reached the age when his friends were taking to themselves wives, and it was a matter-of-course that he should contrast his own empty life with their overflowing cups. His heart was hungry for love; his life was incomplete if he lived it alone. A thousand and one plans had suggested themselves to him, wherein he might drop out of himself into some penniless man, and woo and win; but there was always some unpleasant feature in each plan. There were stories of rich men playing coachmen and winning their employers' daughters, but he was sure that he would not marry a woman who was willing to marry her father's coachman. Then again he didn't know how to do any thing in the shape of work, and consequently such schemes as these were impossible.

In a small degree he was an artist. Had he been poor, the probabilities are he would have been an artist of no common merit; but his two millions had prevented him from being more than commonplace. Yet it struck him that here was a covering under which he might masquerade. The more he looked at it the more feasible it seemed, and at last he arranged a plan to suit his purposes.

First, no human being was to be acquainted with the proposed adventure; second, his attorney was to have exclusive power during his absence, so that he would neither need to read or write a business letter during the summer. The attorney was not a very pleasant man, but he was thoroughly honest. His business must have brought him a good income; but he was always in trouble about his own money matters, while the affairs of his clients were kept in the most systematic manner.

Mr. Thrift received his rich client's orders as if they were the most matter-of-fact directions, and asked no questions, except such as were absolutely necessary to a proper understanding of his position.

When this was settled, Featherby wrote his friends that he was going on a journey "up North;" drew a thousand dollars out of the bank, packed a very modest trunk with a very modest wardrobe, stuck his sketch-book and colors in a corner of the trunk, and bought a ticket to Albany. From Albany his route was not yet determined. He consulted guide-books and maps, and finally decided he would go into the country. No sooner said than he was on his way to the interior of the State. Stopping at a central point he mapped out another route, and three days afterwards he was sitting in the hotel in the village of Newhall, and congratulating himself that he had selected a place where none of his friends could molest him.

The arrival of a stranger in Newhall was a matter of but little consequence to the good people of the village. They made good butter and cheese and prospered, and they had small curiosity as to what a strange gentleman at the hotel might be doing. Herein they showed their Dutch blood, as well as their good common sense.

The sense of being free to do as he pleased, go where he pleased, and not be hampered by prying eyes, was very pleasant to Featherby. He chatted with the farmers, chatted with their wives, gave pictures to the children, and was welcomed by them when he came around. If any of them had any curiosity as to him or his business, the sketch-book under his arm would have solved it; but it is doubtful if they cared as to his purposes.

The summer opened with a joyousness such as only the country summer possesses, and Featherby began to feel thoroughly at home in Newhall. The minister had invited him to take tea with him, the doctor had invited him to call at his office when he felt like smoking a cigar, the blacksmith was always glad to see him coming into his shop, and the young people seemed pleased when he joined their pic-nics.

The young maidens of Newhall were such as only the country towns of the North can show. Though born in the country, daughters of farmers, yet each had been sent to the best schools in the State, and they had brought back to their country homes ease of manners and grace of carriage that was fully equal to their sisters in the large cities. And their graces were peculiarly becoming as they were toned down by the realities of country life. Featherby declared to himself the second Sunday he attended the village church, that he had never seen so many charming girls. And he declared farther that he was going to become acquainted with them. Gaining their acquaintance was not a difficult matter. They were not bold, neither were they unduly shy, and when he accompanied Dr. Folds to a pic-nic, some two weeks later, he was very naturally introduced to nearly all the pretty girls of the village.

He had a very pleasant day. Smoking a cigar at the open window of his room late in the evening, he declared to himself that it had been the pleasantest day he had known since he was a boy. He congratulated himself upon his good sense in having thought of this masquerade, and wondered why men could linger among the affected girls of the cities, when there were such charming flowers of womanhood in the country. And how pleasant the young ladies had been! Miss Manley was evidently the belle of the place, and she was very pretty; but Miss Verney was—well, if not quite so pretty, a little more interesting. He had had a very pleasant walk with Miss Verney. She had just the color of hair he most admired—gold, tinged with red. She looked a little wearied. No wonder; some one said she was the school-teacher. Pretty hard work for a delicate woman, he said, and then he threw his cigar away and went to bed.

As soon as he awoke in the morning he began to laugh aloud. His dreams had been absurdly real, and through most of them he had figured—now with Miss Manley, now with Miss Verney. His system must be out of order, he declared, still laughing heartily, and a walk before breakfast would set him right. From the hotel towards the river was the prettiest street in Newhall. Great elms drooped gracefully across the road and made a royal canopy. Featherby started down this street at a moderate pace, until he saw a lady sauntering ahead of him. He thought he knew her, and a few minutes of energetic stepping brought him beside her.

"Ah, good morning, Miss Verney; do you, too, require morning walks?"

"Not often," said she, blushing, "for I find enough exercise during the day; but this morning was too pleasant not to come to the elm walk."

She looked very pretty. Her morning walk had done much for her, but she was not indebted to that for more than a little extra color. She was dressed in perfect taste, and I think was well worth walking out before breakfast to have a look at. And in this opinion Edward Featherby fully agreed. He kept at her side as long as he dared, and then turned back to his hotel with regret. It was his intention to meet her after school hours, but his plans were not good and he missed her. In the evening Dr. Folds took him to call on Miss Manley, and he enjoyed himself thoroughly. But when he sat down in his own room his thoughts ran to the figure he had seen in the morning.

Every morning for the next week found him going towards the elm walk before breakfast, but he had the entire path to himself—the school-teacher was invisible. Then he called upon her. Miss Verney was not a native of Newhall, of this much he was possessed; but where her home was he neither knew nor cared, and preferred to remain in ignorance, fearing questioning might reveal something that would necessitate him to disclose his own home. Miss Verney boarded at farmer Hooper's, and at farmer Hooper's, Featherby found her. She was playing a solitary game of croquet in the yard, and of course he joined her. If neither played a very good game it was just as well; they had all the more excuse for talking, and in the end to drop the mallets and go walking up the road. Featherby was a good talker; Miss Verney was a capital listener. He talked his best to-night, and all the better because she followed him so closely and understood him so thoroughly.

Life to a young man who is worth two millions is not like life as you and I look at it, dear reader. And yet, when you think of the walks you took when the sunset glow was still in the west, and of the little hand that lay so lightly and trustingly on your arm, do you not think your words and feelings were as carefree, and your hopes as high as if you had been heir to all Solomon's wealth? Ah, we are all rich when we are young, and never so rich as when we draw pictures of what we shall do for the girl we love. And the trait of Miss Verney's character that Featherby was most pleased with was her naturalness. She was thoroughly herself, he said, and a very interesting self, too. She told him of the dull routine of the school-room, of her distaste for her work: but she was compelled to work to be independent, and she made the best of it.

How he pitied the little thing! But he admired her for working. She would not be a drag on her father (he had heard her mention her father); she preferred to work and be independent. That was a noble independence and he respected her for the feeling.

But all evenings come to an end, and he had to take his leave. If he dreamt that night, Miss Manley did not obtrude herself upon his mind. In the morning he took his usual walk in the elm path and he met Miss Verney, as he knew he should. Another delightful half-hour in her comapny and he was beginning to be in love. Love grows rapidly when there is nothing to interfere. He was free to woo whomsoever he would; she was likewise free and to be wooed. They could meet every day if they wished, and their right to meet and to love was unquestioned. Newhall noticed that the artist was devoting himself to the school-teacher; but Newhall said he seemed to be a nice fellow and it would be a good match, and then smiled on them in a friendly, encouraging way.

It was the evening of the third of July. Miss Verney had closed her school that day for the summer, and she was exhausted with a hard day's labor. She was sitting on the porch of farmer Hooper's house. Featherby came up the path, saw how tired she was, and said he would not ask her to go down to the river as he had intended, because she was so tired.

"No," said she, getting up; "I am not too tired for that; and besides you—" and she stopped and blushed. She had said more than she meant to.

"And me?" he asked.

"Oh, you deserve to be treated better, after walking up the hill," she said, laughingly.

He was sure that was not what she was going to say, but had to be satisfied then. They went down the long lane through the meadows to the river. It was a pretty walk and a lovely river. They had been there often before. But neither was quite so much at ease to-night as usual.

She was going away in a few days to spend her vacation at the home of an old school-mate. He was wondering if she loved him; if it was possible that she would give him a "yes" to the question he was about to ask her. He had determined a week before that he would ask the question. She was every thing that he wanted in a wife. She was sweet-tempered, beautiful, cultivated and honest. If he won her he would have the satisfaction of knowing that she married him for himself, and his future would be but little less perfect than Paradise.

"I wish you would tell me what you were going to say about me to-night," he asked, after what seemed a long silence.

"I was going to add that you would rest me," she said, with blushing candor.

His heart beat loudly; he took her hand and kissed it. She did not draw it away.

"I love you," he said. "I wish I might give you rest always: Do you think you could learn to love me?"

"I love you now," she replied, in a whisper.

When they parted that night he had explained to her that he was not rich, but that he was able to live modestly, and had told her how love for her would give him vigor and power to do great things. He was afraid his manner was a little theatrical while he had said this, because she had looked at him in a puzzled way. But her answer was a kiss.

They were married in August. He was too impatient to delay longer. They were married at farmer Hooper's and all Newhall turned out to the wedding. And when Featherby took his bride away, many were the good wishes that followed them.

And he had not yet undeceived her, nor told her of his real position in the world. Their bridal tour was not through hackneyed routes, but was through by-ways of country where they were always close to nature. He did not want any of his old friends to meet him and remove his wife's ignorance yet. They drifted along in this way during September, and then Featherby began to long to have his bride in her own house.

He said they would turn their faces homeward, and she said she was glad.

"By the by, my dear," said he, "do you not want to see your father before we go home?"

"My father is dead," said she, "but I have always called my uncle father."

"You have never told me where he lived," said Featherby.

"You never asked me before," she said.

"No, of course not," said he, fearing he had made an insinuation, when he had no intention of doing any thing of the kind. "I have not cared before, because I wanted you all to myself. But now we will go and see your friends, if you wish. That's why I asked where your father, or uncle, lived."

"He lives in Athol," said she, with face averted.

"What!" he exclaimed, and then recovering himself: "In Athol? And what is his name?"

"Robert Thrift."

A cold sweat came out on Featherby's face.

"What a stupid fool I was not to recognize you! I remember now that Thrift had a niece, Laura Verney. Of course you knew me all the time?"

"Yes," said she, slowly, "I knew you all the time."—*Locke's National Monthly.*

CENTENNIAL NOTES.

THE plans of the Kansas building indicate that the building will be a credit to the State.

FORTY-EIGHT grain and nine wool exhibits have been sent from Victoria, New South Wales.

OWING to the delay of some of the exhibitors the display in some sections will be uncompleted on May 10.

THREE hundred specimens of marble statuary contributed by some of Italy's most famous sculptors arrived in the steamer Victoria.

GORDON P. CUMMINGS, California State Architect, is superintending the erection of the California and Pacific Coast Centennial Hall.

THE dog show, which, in connection with the International Exhibition of horses, opens September 1, promises to be very interesting.

A LARGE cast-iron chain of thirty-eight links, to represent the thirty-eight States, has been manufactured by a Philadelphia firm.

ON the Swedish booth in the main Centennial building is engraved the word "Snickerifadrick," which means "wood-working establishment."

AT interesting collection will consist of 300 ancient Indian skulls, with antique jewelry, bows, arrows, and other articles used by the red men.

A DOZEN Turks from Jerusalem have arrived in Philadelphia. They will have a bazaar in the Exhibition, and will sell bits of the "true cross" to credulous Christians.

ROBERL H. CROCKETT, grandson of the famous "Davy Crockett," will take with him to Philadelphia the rifle presented to his grandfather in that city forty-one years ago.

A WEALTHY copper-mining company of the Michigan Lake Superior region have had a working model of their stamp-mills, which are said to be the finest in the world, made at a cost of $12,000.

THE display from Queensland, the most remote of the British-Australian Colonies, will be a surprise to those unacquainted with the resources of that country, and the efforts made the colonists to have them fully represented.

THE tickets for members of the press, exhibitors, employees, etc., will contain the photographs of those to whom they are issued—which the latter will be required to have inserted before June 1—in an oval space designed for them.

THE clock for Memorial Hall, which has been building at Thomaston, Conn., is completed. It has 1,100 pieces, the estimated weight of all being six tons. The main wheels are four feet in diameter. The pendulum ball and rod weigh, respectively, 700 and 800 pounds, the rod being 144 feet long, and connected with the clock-work by what is known as gravity escapement, and makes two-second beats. The rod is of steel, and to compensate for contraction and expansion, is encased in two cylinders, one of zinc and one of steel, which, by their relative expansion upwards, maintain a uniform center of oscillation.